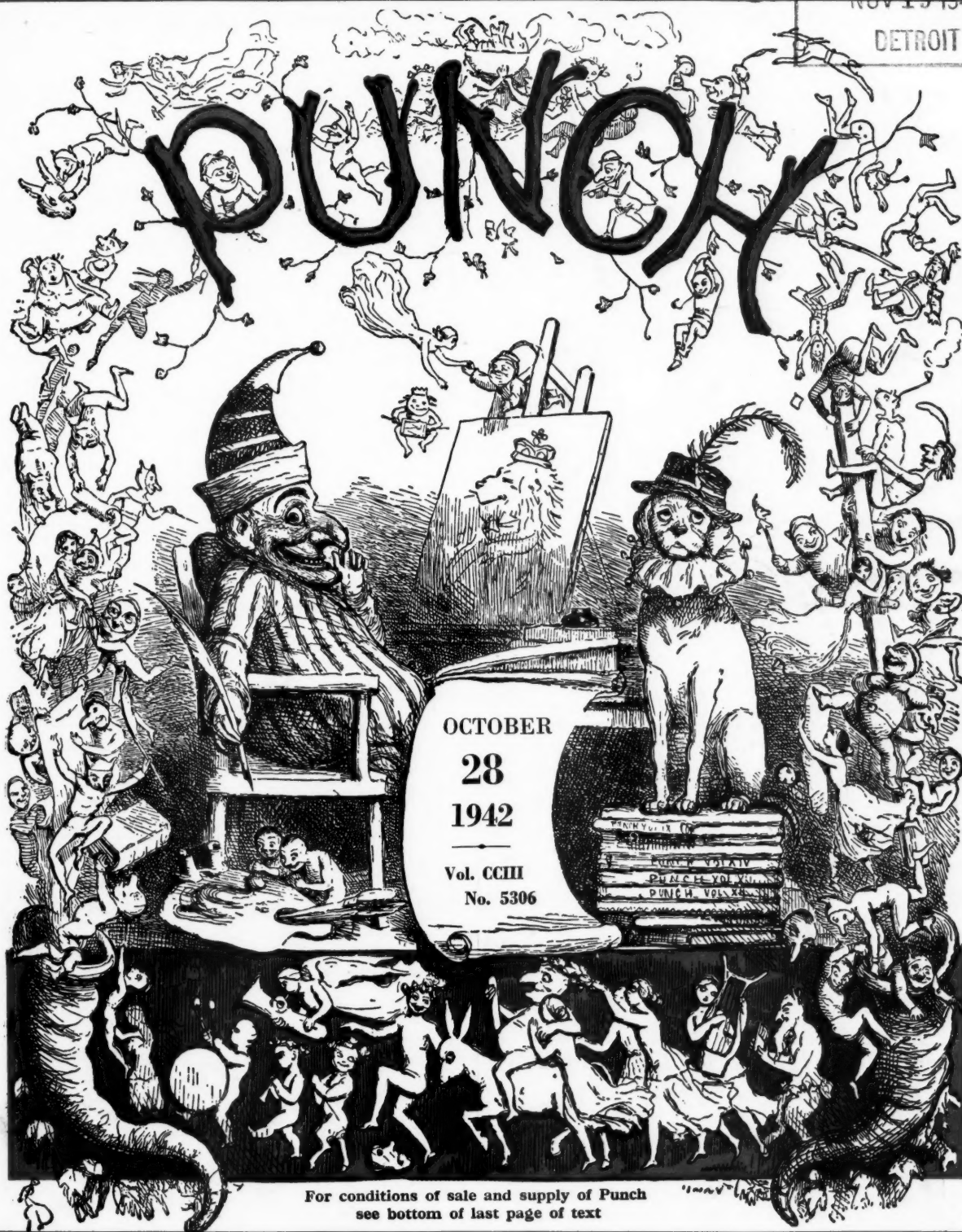
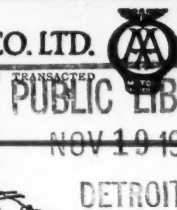


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see bottom of last page of text



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BY ROYAL COMMAND



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**BLACK AND WHITE**  
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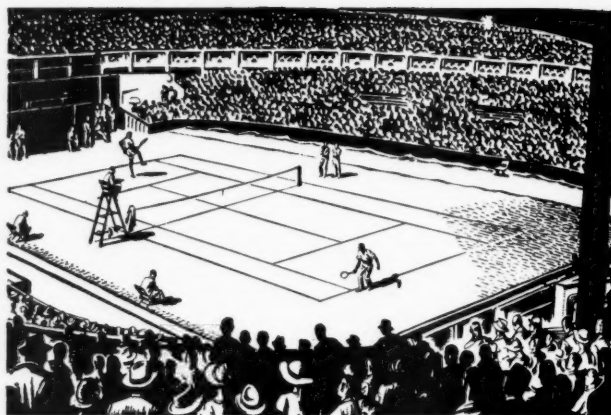
Flat 15 for 2/- — 25 for 3/4  
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by 'Sanitas'

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NOWADAYS, nobody can remain sealed up in their own homes. Old and young alike, we have to mix with crowds—in 'buses and trams and trains; in factories and offices; in crowded restaurants and canteens.

Most germs enter through the nose and mouth. The throat is often their breeding-ground. So keep the nostrils clear and clean; and rinse the mouth and throat regularly with a little **SANITAS** and warm water.

Make it a family habit, morning and night. If you **KEEP WELL**, you don't need to get well!

A bottle of **SANITAS** lasts a long time. It destroys untold millions of germs. You feel fresh and clean and healthy after a **SANITAS** mouthwash!



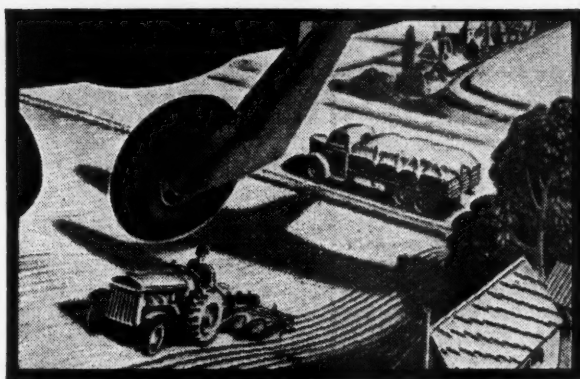
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1/1d. 1/8d. per bottle (incl. Purchase Tax).

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Valuable War Memorandum on prevention and treatment of infectious diseases. Write (enclosing 1d. stamp) to **SANITAS CO. LTD.**, Dept. P.U.10, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.



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The bullet-like 'plane tucks its wheels away as it rises... the farm tractor lumbers across the field... the mammoth truck eats up the highway's miles... a testimony to the fact that on the land, on the road, and in the air, the use of rubber is fundamental. However high in the stratosphere man's endeavours take him, or however deep in the sea or earth, some form of rubber product will play its part. And the name Goodyear

is there! It is true to say that the name Goodyear is to be found on every page of the story of rubber's development.

Goodyear's own story is, in fact, one of ceaseless research. Never for a moment is Goodyear utterly satisfied. That is why, in every field of industry and service to men wherein rubber plays its part, the name Goodyear invariably stands for something better...

Another

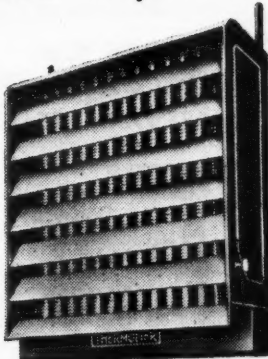
## GOODYEAR

contribution to Progress



Thermolier Unit Heaters maintain an even workshop temperature all the year round and represent the ideal for industrial heating. They consist of a steam or hot-water radiator working in conjunction with an electric fan, the whole unit being designed to give a scientific distribution of heat at the workers' level.

THE **Thermolier**  
UNIT HEATER



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## 1942 JEWEL SALES HAVE BROUGHT £86,000 BUT Parcels to Prisoners cost over £4,000,000 a year

To give something you treasure to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, is to discharge in part the debt we all owe to our men in Prison Camps. A Diamond Brooch, a Gold Watch, a Jewelled Bracelet—something... please... to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for the next



## Jewel Sale

AT CHRISTIE'S

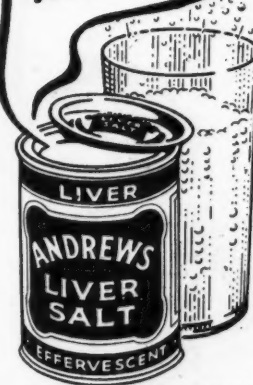
NOVEMBER 4.

The above fund is registered under the War Charities Act 1940.

THIS SPACE IS A GIFT TO  
THE RED CROSS BY  
**BEECHAMS PILLS LTD.**

## TAKE CARE OF HEALTH

Excuse me—  
**INNER**  
**CLEANLINESS**  
is the first  
Health rule



One size only, 8 ozs. 1/10d. including purchase tax



Best British Brushes for every need

The  
**KENT-COSBY**

*Allure*  
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH  
*Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!*

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1



- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILS BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS



## BRITISH RAZOR BLADES OF OUTSTANDING QUALITY

Supplies now are strictly limited, but thousands more men will want Souplex, Double Six and Big Ben razor blades after the war.

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BEST BAKED BREAD

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"Poem" No. 3



Comparisons are odious . . .

But the note, harsh and raw  
Of the mating macaw  
Through a filter like this.

Holds the thrush's pure bliss . . .

And is twice as melodious.

**British Filters Ltd.**

Specialists in the removal of foreign matter.  
Aircraft House, Mkt. Harborough.



There are still limited supplies of Young's Morecambe Shrimps—freshly peeled—spiced—cooked. 1 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.1 and at Morecambe.

No post orders.

**YOUNG'S**  
Morecambe **SHRIMPS**



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE

**RONUK**  
FOR POLISHING FLOORS

Creamy. Delicious. Nourishing

**ROYAL**  
**ARROWROOT**  
**DESSERT**

EASILY MADE—EASILY  
DIGESTED. NO SUGAR  
NEEDED

4½D EACH  
PER PINT  
PACKET



Equally delicious served **HOT or COLD**  
PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.



**I BELIEVE YOU  
LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S  
MORE THAN ME!**

Men who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own. Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/3d an ounce.

**MURRAY'S  
MELLOW MIXTURE**

MURRAY, SONS AND COMPANY  
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Gas  
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*their reliability is emphasised today*



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**PETTERS LTD.,**  
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WE warmly welcome Brazil now ranged on the side of the Allies in their struggle for freedom, and we record with pride that Petter Engines have in the past played a part in supplying the power requirements of the primary industries of that great country. We look forward with confidence to the future and to widening valued and close associations through our good friends and representatives:—

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H.M. King George VI  
Previous appointment  
to the late King George V

**HARRIS**  
*famous for Bacon*  
*since 1770*

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD. CALNE, WILTS.

## NEW RHEUMATISM TREATMENT: A SPA AT HOME!

By Dr. Quignon.

It is generally agreed by my confrères—all of them specialists in the treatment of rheumatic disorders—that rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are more quickly relieved by spa water cures than by any other treatment.

In 'Alkia Saltrates' there are reproduced the essential medicinal principles of seven famous spa waters, including those of Vichy, Carlsbad and Aix-les-Bains.

A teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' dissolved in a tumbler of warm water gives the same benefits as long cures at Continental spas. 'Alkia Saltrates' act at once in the relief of backache and lumbago, and after the first few days even the most long-standing rheumatism will yield to the treatment.

There is no finer prescription for keeping the body healthy year in and year out, and for preventing the distressing ailments which often take hold in middle life. 'Alkia Saltrates' may be obtained from any chemist at 3/9d. per bottle, including Purchase Tax.

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AND

## HORNBY TRAINS

### THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOYS

We regret that we cannot supply these famous toys today, but they will be ready for you again after the war. In the meantime, if you are in any difficulties with your toys, write to

MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13



Ready  
for  
Anything

Yes, he'll be ready for the future when the world has turned the corner. His parents made sure when they brought him up on COW & GATE Milk Food. By maintaining supplies, COW & GATE offers the same precious hope for your baby too. Send threepence in stamps to COW & GATE LTD. (Dept. P.), Guildford, for pattern of this attractive cap.

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**COW & GATE** MILK FOOD  
"Babies love it."



For over half a century State Express 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.



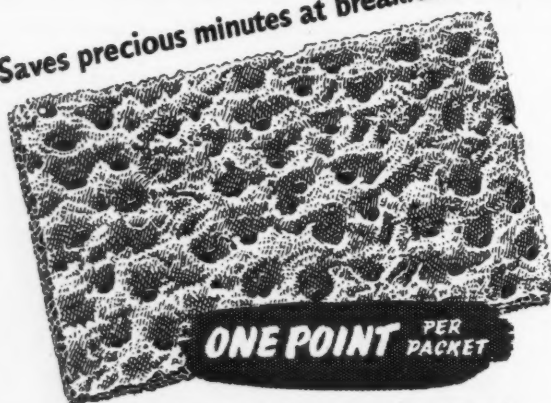
# STATE EXPRESS 555

## SAVE COAL



Keep warmer on BOVRIL

As your **TOAST** use crisp  
**RYVITA**  
 it's ready to eat  
 Saves precious minutes at breakfast time



Controlled price 10d. per pkt. (as pre-war).

THE IDEAL DAILY BREAD... 100% CRISP NOURISHMENT



## KNOWLEDGE

It is one of the tragedies of this life that we accumulate so much knowledge which appears to be of little direct value to us.

The value of knowledge lies in its application, although material currency is not always its reward.

Those who utilise their knowledge to amuse the world appear to receive more than the statesmen who control its destiny, but the payment is not in the same currency.

The leader of men has knowledge, sound judgment, and a love of work. To him, achievement and the knowledge that the world is better for his labours is ample payment.

It is applied knowledge that is the all-important factor in The Chatwood Security. The design is the result of knowledge acquired during an experience of almost a century.

J. E. S.

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When we go back to gracious living, the TERRY ANGLEPOISE will resume its proper place in our homes... by cosy fire and bedside, in library corner, on bureau, desk and studio board... taking up any one of 1001 angles at a finger-touch, "staying put" in any position till needed, casting its gently diffused beam on the object, not in the user's eyes.

But we regret that, for the present, the general public can only look forward to this comfort, for the ANGLEPOISE is almost unobtainable nowadays. If you have one, treasure it... treat it well and it will serve you well.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH



The  
**TERRY**  
 ANGLEPOISE LAMP





OR

## THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5306

October 28 1942

### Charivaria

A QUESTION was asked in the House recently regarding a lecture given to German prisoners by Dr. JOAD. The Geneva Convention did not envisage this possibility.

A doctor says Nature warns a man when he is over-exerting himself. A stitch in time.

One feature of the London theatrical stage just now is the number of revivals of old successes. This has long been the consistent policy of our music-hall comedians.

A man who gave himself up to the Berlin police confessed to many crimes and asked that they should all be taken into consideration. We understand that a note was made of his name and address, and that he will be notified when his services are required.



A writer declares that a tired man does not make a good fire-watcher. There is historic corroboration of this as far back as Alfred the Great.

"Women are poor at punctuation," says a University lecturer. Few make any use of the full-stop.

"British coal can be used economically in the house and is very warming," says a writer. Try shovelling a few hundredweight from one side of the cellar to the other.

"Silk Stockings Disappearing," reads a headline. On their last legs.

Serpentine winter bathing hours are now from 7 A.M. to 8.30 A.M. We regard with some suspicion the man who says that for patriotic reasons he refuses to bathe as the water is over 5 inches deep.

"What do you do with your used razor-blades?" demands a patriot. We use them.



A railway passenger pulled the communication-cord because a cinder got into his eye when he was looking out of the window. He should have waited until the next stop to return it to the engine-driver.

Referring to a tragedienne of a former generation a critic says she obtained poignant effects on the stage with a minimum of physical effort. It is said that to express heart-rending grief it was only necessary for her to wring one hand.

"The Junkers and Heinkels twist and turn, dive and climb, slip and roll, to avoid the relentless pursuit of the aircraft-carrier."—*Scotsman*.

Enough to rattle anyone.

Four members of a family are employed in a post-office. A customer asking for stamps at the dog-licence grille is told to try father down the counter.



"MAJOR FIRES AT MANNHEIM."  
Heading in "The Times."

Of course it all depends on where he was standing.

A daily paper has an article on "The Big Five of the Cinema." We are not particularly interested except that the biggest one always sits in front of us.

## "To-morrow to Fresh Woods . . ."

**I** WILL not say that the future of London as envisaged by the Planning Committee of the Royal Academy disappoints me. If the place has got to be rebuilt this is the way it should be done. I was going to put it two hundred feet underground myself, but I was not consulted. I never am.

It would be churlish not to admire a Piccadilly Circus twice as large and twice as uncircular as the present affair. It seems to me, as I study it, a trifle cold and decorous in the new scheme, and Eros looks a little lonely between two plots of grass. He will be surprised, I think, when he gets out of the wood he lives in and sees his new surroundings—if a blind god can be surprised. But the flower-sellers will probably return to remind him of the queer old days.

Covent Garden, I see, is to be a National Entertainment Centre; the Market goes. Even people who can remember Covent Garden Market as an International Entertainment Centre at four o'clock in the morning after a Covent Garden Ball will not grudge the change when they observe the fine plan of the New Opera House, the New Drury Lane Theatre and the colonnades in which the people of London, relieved from the labour of shopping as soon as Woolworth's is closed, will promenade.

They will delight no less in the wide and verdurous terraces leading down to the river front from St. Paul's. Not so pretty, you say, at low tide? I don't know whether in the New London there is going to be any low tide on the New Thames. I fancy that the Thames barrage is going to turn it into a tideless stream. I should have preferred for my own part to take the whole estuary in a firm grasp and straighten it out here and there. I find the present river too wiggly as well as too full of mud. I should not dehydrate it, but I should cleanse it with chemicals like a swimming bath: "Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child." Have I got that quotation wrong? The sense at any rate is accurate. That is the New River of my desires.

I hope also that there will be fewer advertising placards on the shores of the New Thames, and also in the coming Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square. It will be quite easy to drink alcohol, when there is any, without using it to conceal the architecture or watching it poured from endless bottles all night long. People will begin to use soap again without being told to do so from the tops of these new pillared buildings which seem to be a glorious apotheosis of the Dutch Colonial style. London before the black-out began used to be floodlit, and it may be floodlit again. But it need not be starry with tooth-paste nor scintillate with beer. Foreigners who drove down the Mall from Buckingham Palace to the Admiralty Arch on early autumn days have often been surprised to see the name of a daily newspaper in huge letters apparently crowning and completing the Arch, as though the price of Admiralty had been not blood but ink. Aesthetes used to object to the hoardings by the side of the railways, but I never minded these myself. They were not uglier than telegraph-poles or pylons. It is when the command to take pills and peptonized milk deflects the eye from national monuments that I complain. We could do without them and I dare say the Planning Committee have considered the possibility of this great sacrifice also.

How tenderly have they not dealt with the lower end of Fleet Street, where the bombs have made it particularly easy to improvise! There is a vast Western approach

leading to the lawns of the new Cathedral Close, if I may so term it, and a wide avenue wooded and grassed on one side stretching between Ludgate Circus and Blackfriars Bridge. I don't quite understand how near this park-land comes to the East Gate of the Temple, but I should like to put in a plea for Bouverie Street, at any rate for its Western side, perhaps also for the other side which protects us a little from the east wind. We could cut a gazebo through it, to look at the post-chaises rattling up to St. Paul's.

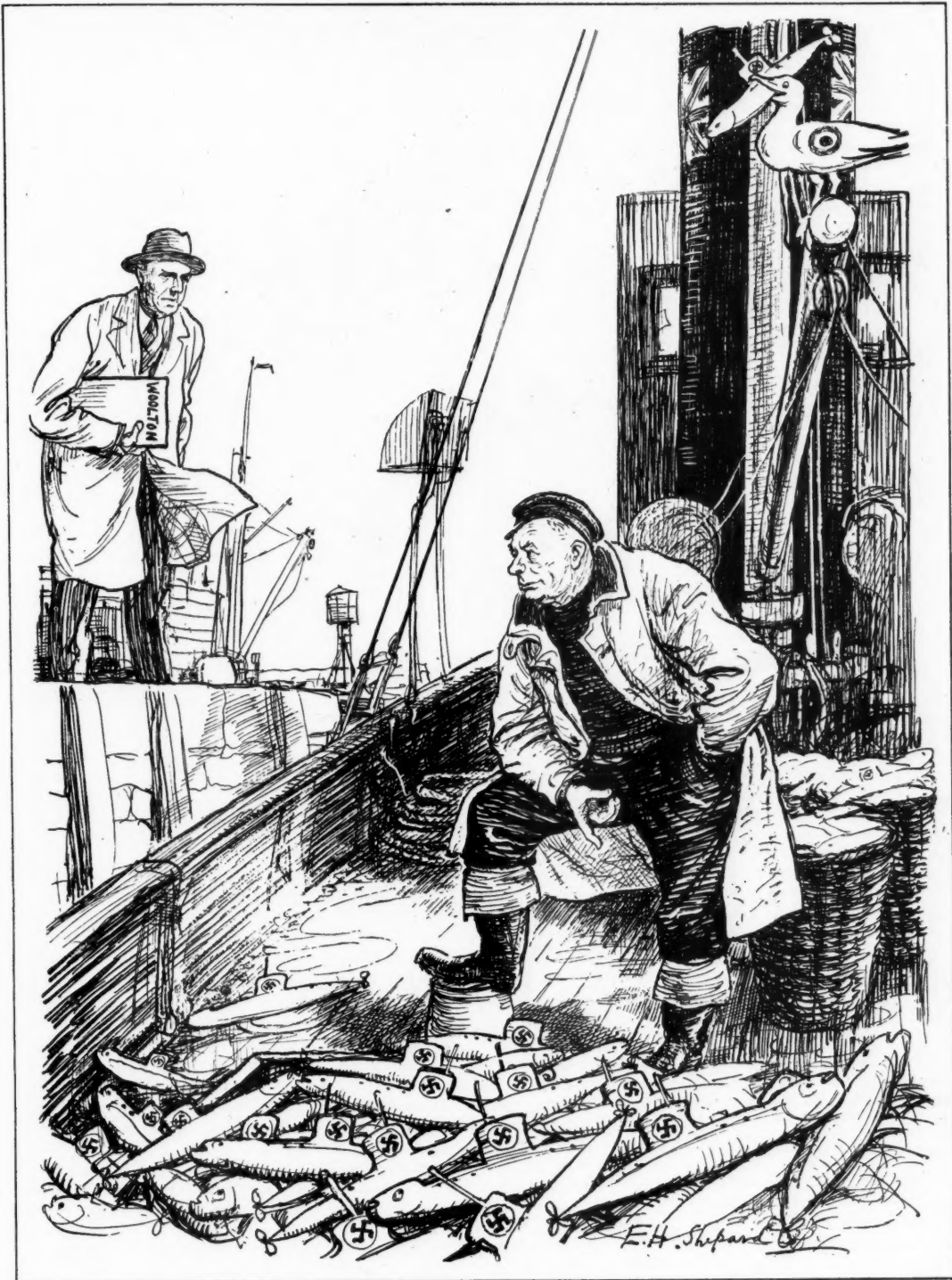
If I am a little wistful about the New City of London it is because, failing my proposal to bury it out of bombing range, I had hoped to see it almost completely countrified. Walking through the great deserts of rubble beyond the cathedral I had imagined for myself a land of little cottage gardens, and allotments full of healthy rustic toil. I had seen a tiny bank with Sir Montagu Norman in his shirt-sleeves leaning over the wicket-gate, the Lord Mayor emerging from a diminutive Guildhall to tend his bees, the Elders of the Stock Exchange gathered about the village pump, and perhaps a small harbour near the town with a single wharf and the fishermen of Lloyds mending their nets by the shore. For we must remember that the England of to-morrow is to be mainly a fishing and agricultural England (has not the Minister for Agriculture said so?), and I should have liked to see the heart of Empire a model hamlet typifying all that was best and burliest in our simple peasant life. A Ditchling London? Perhaps that was too hopeful a dream.

The Romans used to call London Augusta, or else Augusta Londinium. Afterwards they named it Londinium. If I am to be prevented (as Wren was) from rebuilding it after my own heart's desire I shall be glad to see it when it becomes Augusta Lutyensium.

EVOE.

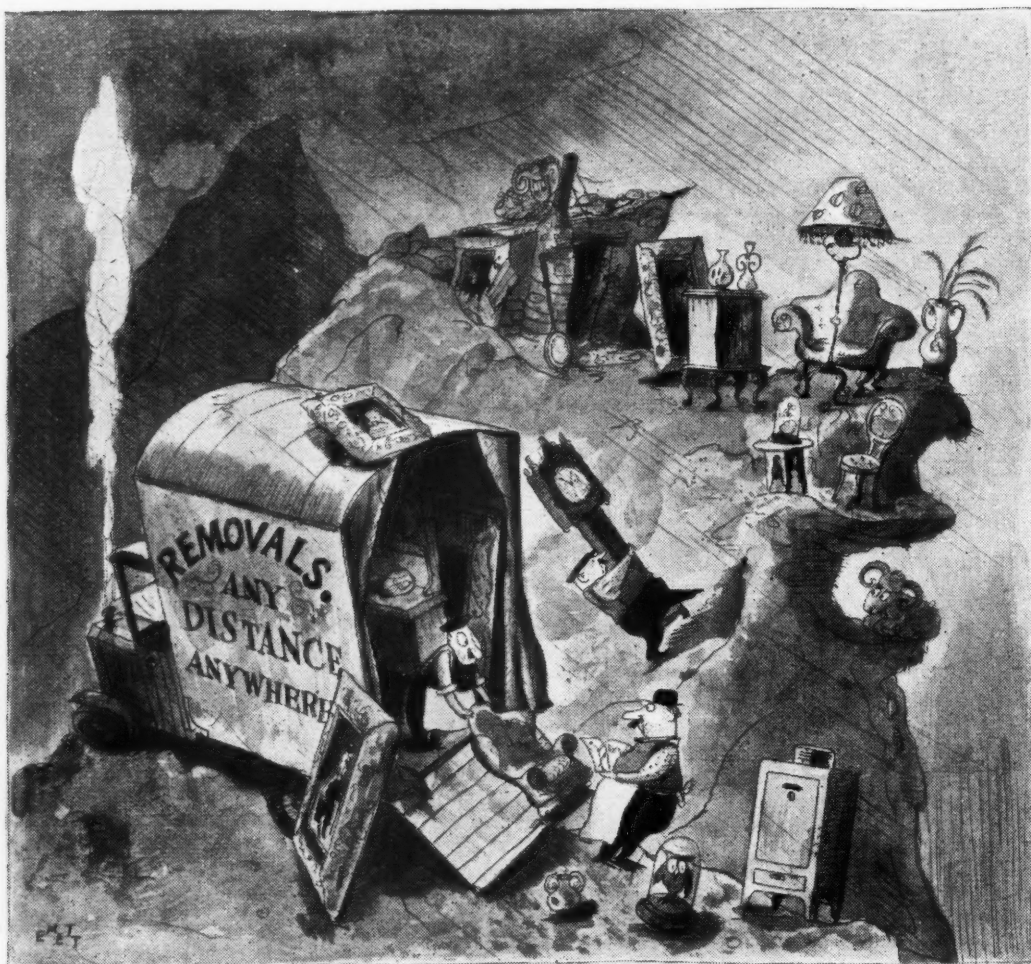
## R. N. V. R.

**W**E are the Wavy Navy.  
 See, where our sleeves proclaim  
 By undulations in their golden stripes  
 The element unstable that we serve.  
 The regular R.N.  
 Shows by a straighter gilt straight discipline;  
 Our citizen authority  
 May wear its rank less rigid. And our braid  
 Is narrow, as befits our junior state.  
 Nor are we burdened with great tale  
 Of rings; two is our span,  
 Or, greatly favoured, yet another half.  
 The fingers of a hand will number those  
 Who bear the clangour of a brazen hat,  
 Being Commanders.  
 Yet does our lowly multitude outstrip  
 The ranks of Dartmouth, Keyham and Britannia;  
 And ours the host of little ships  
 That, restless, bob and toss like corks  
 To hold the circling net of our defence.  
 The naval quip has dubbed us gentlemen  
 Essaying to be sailors. We'll not ask  
 A better name, not know a fairer task.



### GOOD FISHING

"Poor haul of cod and plaice? Bad luck, mate. What about these?"



*"Y'know, Fred, I've got a queer sort of feeling we 'aven't got the directions right."*

## Saluting As It Shouldn't

V

**T**HERE is one wide-spread form of Saluting As It Shouldn't which I have not so far dealt with in this series. That is

### THE SALUTE AS A PRACTICAL JOKE.

In a way the less said about this the kinder to all, for it is usually given by those who should know better to those who don't know enough.

A common exponent of this salute is an airman with a warped sense of humour—and far too many of them have this—coupled to a keen eye for potential victims. Thus equipped he is generally able to mark down a salutee

whom he thinks (a) isn't expecting it, or (b) isn't in a position to return it. He will then salute suddenly and punctiliously, and hope that his time and trouble haven't been wasted.

If he is an expert, they won't have been—particularly if the victim is both (a) and (b). For what new young subaltern, the dew still fresh on his single pips, stooging happily along with his girl's arm in his, is in the least prepared for the Air Commodore some paces in front of him to be ignored by one of his own Service, while he himself—a despised brown job—is the sudden recipient of a salute like a cross between

a galvanic shock and an attack of St. Vitus? (I hope, by the way, you have come out on the far side of that sentence in better shape than I have. Rather tiring I found it, don't you agree?) For the moment he can hardly believe it's meant for him, and glances quickly over his shoulder to see if General Wavell is just behind. Being in India he isn't: so the subaltern quickly attempts an efficient acknowledgment.

Naturally it is anything but efficient, because he has his girl's arm and his stick and his gloves to cope with, and they're all in the wrong places—a fact

which of course the airman has been counting upon. Yet he can't ignore this tribute to his commission. So he does his best, hampered as he is by women and other impedimenta. It isn't a very good best. He knows this and at once becomes exceedingly morose and unhappy about the whole thing. He even thinks of resigning next day. He snaps back at his girl, who has probably remarked tactlessly, "What a smart airman that was, darling! Why aren't you in the R.A.F.?" She tells him off in return; and when the next unfortunate salutes him he takes it out with a vicious acknowledgment. He is just too late to realize that there is then a Very Senior Officer just behind him, who proceeds to take an almost tangibly poor view of the back of his neck for the next twenty yards. . . . Well, in short, the whole thing from the original airman's point of view has been pretty successful.

Another form of the Salute as a Practical Joke is to salute in peculiar places. A soldier, young in years but old in guile, will suddenly put on a stupid look, as though he weren't certain of the regulations, but feels that it's better to give a superfluous salute than to fail to salute at all. Wearing this as protective armour, he will crack one out in a tube lift at an elderly naval captain carrying home the week's rations for his wife and trying to look as though they were important documents. Or at a Squadron-Leader standing next him in a crowded bus—one who is a little too tall to stand in a bus and certainly to do any saluting in it. Or at an officer just about to mount his bicycle, a carefully-chosen officer, that is, who has obviously only just taken to bicycling after twenty years.

Finally, an excellent way of achieving the Practical Joke Salute is for the saluter to lie in wait outside a shop till an officer comes out with one hand in his pocket and a preoccupied look. He is almost certain to be putting his change back after a purchase and at the same time checking it to see if it's right. A smart-forcing salute will probably, therefore, bring his hand sharply out of his pocket to acknowledge it—so sharply that he won't be able to let go of his money in time. The result will be most gratifying—a shower of coinage all in range.

I find, by the way, I have omitted to record the very best example of the Salute as a Practical Joke. That is where the saluter raises his hand and arm smartly, as if to salute, and then merely adjusts his cap or scratches his head, or removes a fag from behind the right ear. With any luck the officer

will start to acknowledge and can then be stared at in a pained manner, while a genuine salute is given, as if the saluter took a pretty dim view of people who insist on the paying of unnecessary compliments in crowded streets.

Of course the officer himself may be about to adjust his cap, or scratch his head, or remove a fag from behind his ear—in which case the would-be joker had had it.

Remember that the Salute as a Practical Joke is inclined to be dangerous if the wrong victim is picked. Try it on a peppery old-time Colonel, for example, and you'll soon realize there's really no future at all in it.

A. A.

## *I Don't Like Running.*

**R**UNNING has never struck me as being the most reasonable way of getting from one place to another. It seems to me that almost in every case there must be a happier alternative. Whenever I am confronted with the problem of proceeding from Point A to Point B, unless Point A happens to be a bus-stop at which I have arrived ten seconds too late and Point B the platform of the moving vehicle, running does not enter my head as a method of solution. I do not like running; there is something rather offensive to my personal sense of dignity in the motion. Perhaps this feeling has something to do with my figure, I don't know. But that's how it is.

Hence when I was told that a cross-country run was being instituted for "B" Flight every Tuesday afternoon, I was somewhat disturbed. A cross-country run seems to me of all things the most futile. One leaves Point A for Point B with the only object in mind being that of returning to Point A. And this to be done in a competitive manner, speed being the essence of the whole thing. I was indeed somewhat disturbed.

At first, however, I was not entirely without hope. I said to myself, Yes officially there may be a run, officially that is, but there are sometimes ways of thwarting officialdom. I made a few inquiries. I suggested to the sergeant-in-charge that I wished to visit the dentist on Tuesday afternoon—would it be possible . . . ? Evidently it would not. The run was to be for everyone medically fit on that day and not detailed for special duties. I was given to understand that the M.O. interpreted "medically fit" pretty broadly,

and volunteers were not required for the special duties.

I gave my attention now to thinking of methods which would limit the unpleasantness of a run. I said to myself a run need not be more than a quick walk. Also the cross-country route which had been suggested abounded with short cuts. Surely I could . . . Here two unexpected snags cropped up. With unusual foresight it seemed that the authorities had stationed a man at the furthest point on the run. He was armed with a rubber stamp with which our hands were to be marked on reaching that point. Furthermore a time-limit was to be imposed which ensured that every man had to run at least part of the way which was not in sight of the 'drome. Until I discovered that the rubber stamp to be used was one to which I had access, I was quite worried.

Tuesday afternoon arrived and found me tolerably satisfied with life. My hand was carefully stamped, and wrapped up well in a big sweater I was comforted by the genius I had shown in overcoming my difficulties. The sergeant-in-charge ticked off our names on the list and after breaking into the most graceful amble I could manage for the first hundred yards, once beyond sight of the starting-post I gave up all pretences of running. I do not dislike walking, in fact on occasions I find it quite enjoyable. This afternoon was one of these occasions. Somehow the sight of those figures ahead, running, brought a quiet joy into my step. I turned off the appointed route at a convenient point, lingered enjoying a cigarette and a chat with a farmer. How long this chat lasted I don't know, but it seemed quite a long time. I began to wonder if I had overstayed the time-limit, so I quickened my pace until the 'drome came in sight again and then broke into a gentle trot. This gentle trot was sufficient to bring me to a state of some exhaustion by the time I reached the finishing-post.

Here was stationed the sergeant-in-charge. He checked the marking on my hand, ticked my name off the list and then told me to report to the Sports Officer. I entered the Sports Office with some qualms. Had I been found out? Had I exceeded the time limit? The Sports Officer, however, seemed very happy to see me.

"Very good show!" he said. "I must take a note of your name. You have come in third and you'll be pleased to know you'll be a member of the team to run against the local harriers next Saturday. A good show."

I don't like running.

## At the Pictures

## "COASTAL COMMAND" (PLAZA AND CARLTON)

IN the General Strike of 1926 everyone was surprised by the competence with which volunteers carried out jobs previously believed to require a long preliminary training. *Coastal Command* is surprising in the same way. All the cast are serving members of the R.A.F. or W.A.A.F., and none of them had appeared before a motion-picture camera until the film was begun. Yet they act as easily and unself-consciously as any professional, and some at least of them have enough expression and by-play to suggest that if the film had not been confined strictly to the work of the Coastal Command, they could have dealt satisfactorily with such incidents as might occur during a leave on shore.

The film opens with a concert party in a remote flying-boat station. An order comes through for the crew of Sunderland "T for Tommy" to report immediately, and one watches them filing out into the darkness, and pausing for a moment to laugh at the Russian ballet in progress on the stage. The flying-boat's job is to patrol over a convoy approaching a suspected U-boat area, and the chief episode of the film is the shadowing of an enemy raider by "T for Tommy" and a number of Hudsons. The Hudsons dive to the attack through a terrific flak barrage, and when they have dropped their bombs the flying-boat sweeps down over the raider to ascertain the damage. This is the most exciting moment in the film, a violent explosion shakes the Sunderland, it rocks and plunges, but the captain keeps control and, his observations completed, gets it safely back into a covering cloud. Badly crippled, the flying-boat makes for home, which, after a fight with four enemy aircraft, it reaches at last. The whole film is done with such astonishing

realism as to leave an ignorant layman utterly unable to decide whether or not he has been watching real battles; nor, however often he reads the full and lucid synopsis of the film, will his no

doubt illegitimate curiosity on this point be satisfied.

## "MOONTIDE" (ODEON)

A water-front pub in San Pablo, California, Saturday night, drink flowing freely. Enter, accompanied by his faithful dog, *Bobo* (JEAN GABIN), a devil-may-care fellow with curly hair and irregular but attractive features. Having kissed a pretty girl and knocked her lover out, *Bobo* settles down to drink himself senseless. An old man is strangled in the pub that night and the murderer, *Tiny* (THOMAS MITCHELL), *Bobo's* partner in the odd jobs by which they support themselves, tells *Bobo* that it is he, *Bobo*, who did it in his drink. Having a tendency to choke people in his cups, *Bobo* believes *Tiny*, but is uncertain what to do.

He has just rescued a pretty girl from drowning, and taken her to a barge in the bay, where he is selling live bait for the Chinese owner of the barge. Near by there is a barge tenanted by an elderly couple, who have made it very home-like, with curtains, washing hanging out on a line, and a gramophone. The music stealing over the water at night, and the tender gaze of *Anna*, very prettily played by IDA LUPINO, stir in *Bobo* a longing for the peaceful domestic life which

his restless gipsy spirit has hitherto disdained. But *Tiny*, who cannot earn a living without his resourceful partner, hints that unless *Bobo* comes away with him he will put the police on his track. What is *Bobo* to do? Settle down to married bliss and be electrocuted, or go back to the dreary round of drink and odd jobs and remain alive? He decides to take the risk and marry *Anna*. Then *Tiny* makes a false step. Finding *Anna* alone, he attacks her; by a flash of feminine intuition she divines that it is he not *Bobo* who murdered the old man, and all ends happily, *Tiny* engulfed in the waters of the bay, and *Bobo's* bride borne in his strong arms into the recesses of the barge. H. K.



[Coastal Command]

C. IN C., C. C.



[Moontide]

HOB0 CRISIS

*Bobo* . . . . . JEAN GABIN  
*Tiny* . . . . . THOMAS MITCHELL

## Was He Wrong?

I DREAMT I saw the ghost  
Of Foch, that drifted light  
Before a streaming host  
Of heroes through the night.

Riding an autumn breeze  
Across a stormy sky,  
They dipped over dark trees:  
I know not where or why.

And all at once I thought,  
Here is the ghost to say  
What plan may yet be sought  
To save France from dismay.

So, speaking first to him,  
As we are taught to do  
With all things strange and dim  
Before they speak to you,

I asked the ghost what chance  
Of victory was yet  
For the fair land of France  
Before her sun should set.

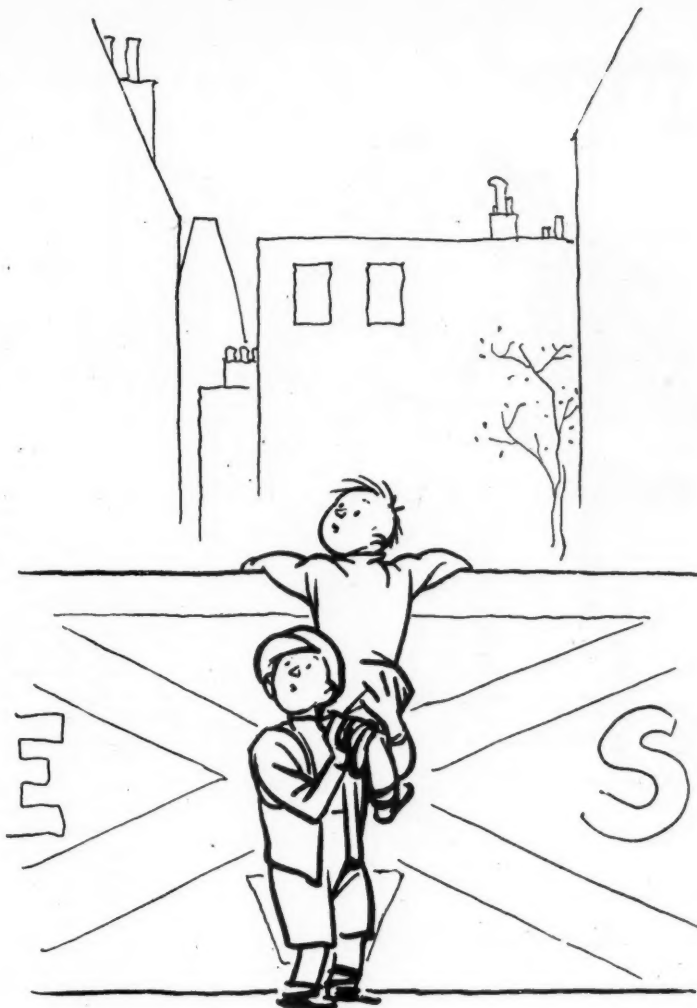
"Put first things first of all,"  
The Marshal said to me.  
"First execute Laval,  
And after that we'll see." ANON.

## Guerrilla

FORGIVE my transports on this  
theme,  
Our propaganda makes me scream.

No, verse is too flippant a medium for my spleen. Stark monosyllables of pure Anglo-Saxon would be better. Where is my Beowulf? All I ask, dear reader, is that you turn to a recent advertisement issued by the National Savings Committee. It shows a benign middle-aged woman of well-nourished parts and proportions. She is a typical English matron. There is sympathy in her eyes and warmth in her bosom. One feels instinctively that she does her shopping early in the day and keeps a little book of Mr. Grise-wood's fuel flashes. In Pontypool she sits a-knitting and waiting for her man to return from the pits. In Ipswich she is bottling preserves at the Vicarage. Wherever she is Mrs. Goodbody is behaving with the traditional common-sense and good-humour of the women of England.

But half a minute. Mrs. Goodbody, we read, is more than her face admits. She is a guerrilla! There she goes down the street, her ample trailer swinging dangerously. The smoothness of her



Tonga

"Now then, Wellington, put young Stirling down and run and tell Catalina to find out what little Liberator's crying about."

contours belies the intensity of her emotions. This is no buxom denizen of suburbia making her way to the whist-drive. This is a guerrilla. The enemy walk in dread of her. They know the power that is in her hands and the instinctive cunning of her methods. A troop-train is derailed. A viaduct is dynamited. Secret documents are stolen. A general is ham-strung with a length of piano-wire. Guerrilla tactics—the obvious ones. Mrs. Goodbody is not obvious: that is, her methods are not. She is subtlety itself. There are other ways of destroying

Hitler than by frontal or rearguard attacks. There is the insidious gnawing at vulnerable life-lines, the vampiric sapping of the arteries.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. There goes Mrs. Goodbody. What is she up to to-night? Hello, she's stopped at No. 14. Her face has settled into a disarming smile of confidence but her coat-pocket is bulging ominously. She knocks—not too defiantly—and the door opens. Speech in undertones. Something passes from hand to hand. Mrs. Goodbody has sold another sixpenny savings-stamp. Guerrilla.

## H. J. Talking



"There doesn't seem to be one for old banana-skins."

## Bombers Returning

NOTHING is so a delight to the mind, so fondly favoured  
As a sky plummy with dawn  
And strown across with pale unkindled stars;  
Nothing humours the heart so with peace—  
Heart's-peace, heart's-ease, in a world whelmed with wars—  
As when night has uncovered  
The sky's lovely lawn.

So onetime on our world would the day tumble  
Over the dimpled willow-dappled river,  
Over the cool green fields—  
And it seemed then that quiet could never crumble,  
And wind-hover peace that yet the heart fast folds  
Would lap the land for ever.

Now dawn is dangerous, and the trackless sky  
A far-flung road for daring;  
Now cloud is a cloak, and each cold star a light  
Pointing from hazard home, to the skyfaring.  
Birds in the upper air  
Climbing to where the splendid sun rides by  
A charmed plumage wear;  
But these wings that have swept across the night  
Into the sun, have flown with jeopardy. M. E. R.

THE habit of being private which causes so many fences is not really worth it in our case, as our left-hand neighbours got us to admit that both sides of the fence were theirs in the dispute over repairing it, and then let our side for advertising space. It is very distracting to sit quietly in a deck-chair and have your eye caught by such lurid queries as "HAS YOUR LIVER SLIPPED ITS MOORINGS?" or "DO YOU SUFFER FROM AUTO-EROSION?" this last being asked by a firm which invented a new disease where poisons in the body eat you hollow, as white ants do tables out East. One space on the fence, however, is not taken by a patent medicine but by a political group called The Friends of Logic, who want to nationalize the Socialist party.

I will not be one to suggest that only the advertisements spoil the garden, which suffers also from being "A Site" and much dug by archaeologists not knowing that the previous owner was a mad explorer who buried his curios to protect them from burglars. As these curios include specimens from all parts of the world, many novel theories have originated in our garden and even blows been struck, so that we have had to insist that the Society of Antiquaries keep a retired teacher of jiu-jitsu permanently on the premises.

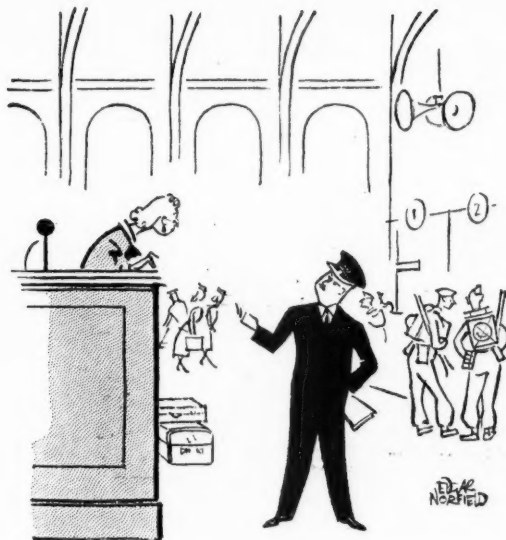
At the end of a long and arduous experiment I sometimes slide into a day-dream about my school days and how we had a master who was a strong water-diviner, and when he was going to cane me I concealed wet towels all over me, this making the cane twist about in his hand and spoiling his aim. I was not really popular with my teachers owing to being very gifted in training mice, and these I did not train just singly, as is usual, but in droves, and sometimes I would have as many as fifty mice in the room all working under my directions and executing pincer movements and acting as decoys, and I also learnt to whistle without moving my lips and as loudly as a train, and through perfecting these accomplishments I was much distracted from learning and never left the lowest form. They had to keep on bringing in larger and larger desks for me and when I was eighteen I grew a beard and became a school institution, so that visitors were always brought to see me.

WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny more vile than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

### WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



"Just tell them the 9.45 goes to Stratford-on-Avon. You can cut out all that stuff about Anne Hathaway and the Immortal Bard."

For other boys there was a rule about superannuation, but I had been born on a visit from Australia just when we reached the International Date Line and as it was also the 29th February and a leap-year, I could always entangle the headmaster, a classical scholar, in arguments about my age. I remember in my last term I greatly surprised a new English master who set us an essay to write on what we had done in the holidays, because whereas all the others, whose average age was ten, described playing with toy soldiers or pretending to be Red Indians, my essay was all about breaking the bank at a private gambling hell and taking actresses out to supper.

I did not do much in the way of games at school as I was always independent and did not fit well into a team, but I excelled as a gymnast, and that was not because of having suitable muscles but through an uncle who had spent many years in India and coached me in levitation, this enabling me to dispense with any apparatus at all. I also used it as a method of harassing masters I disliked, as when asked a question the answer to which I didn't know, I would jut my beard forward in a truculent manner and rise very slowly and indignantly into the air.

While still at school I began to assemble a Cabinet of Curiosities, which I now use for the instruction of my children and the entertainment of my guests, and I will pick out some of its leading items to describe to you:

- (1) A stuffed sparrow, this being a bird which is very rarely stuffed indeed.
- (2) A triangular horse-shoe made by a rather inexperienced blacksmith.
- (3) A statuette of Lloyd George in Gruyère, though by now it is not considered a good likeness.
- (4) A corkscrew with some facts about the Law of Probate carved on the handle.
- (5) A lion's tail which my Indian uncle says came off in his hand.

- (6) A china mug bearing a portrait of Henry James on one side and a view of Southend on the other.
- (7) A hammock slept in by Queen Elizabeth.

Sometimes I display my cabinet for charity, and on such occasions my laboratory is open to visitors for a small fee. By paying a little extra they can themselves use the apparatus under my direction and enjoy themselves boiling water in test-tubes, passing electric currents through pieces of wire and weighing things on the balance. Really generous supporters are honoured by being themselves the subject of experiment, and in this way I have worked out the exact dosage of ipecacuanha correct to two places of decimals and the relative sensitivity of different skin areas to sulphuric acid. On occasions such as these B. Smith is always to the fore and gives remarkably life-like imitations of people who have taken different poisons; he also does raffia-work with his toes.

#### Fruit Cure

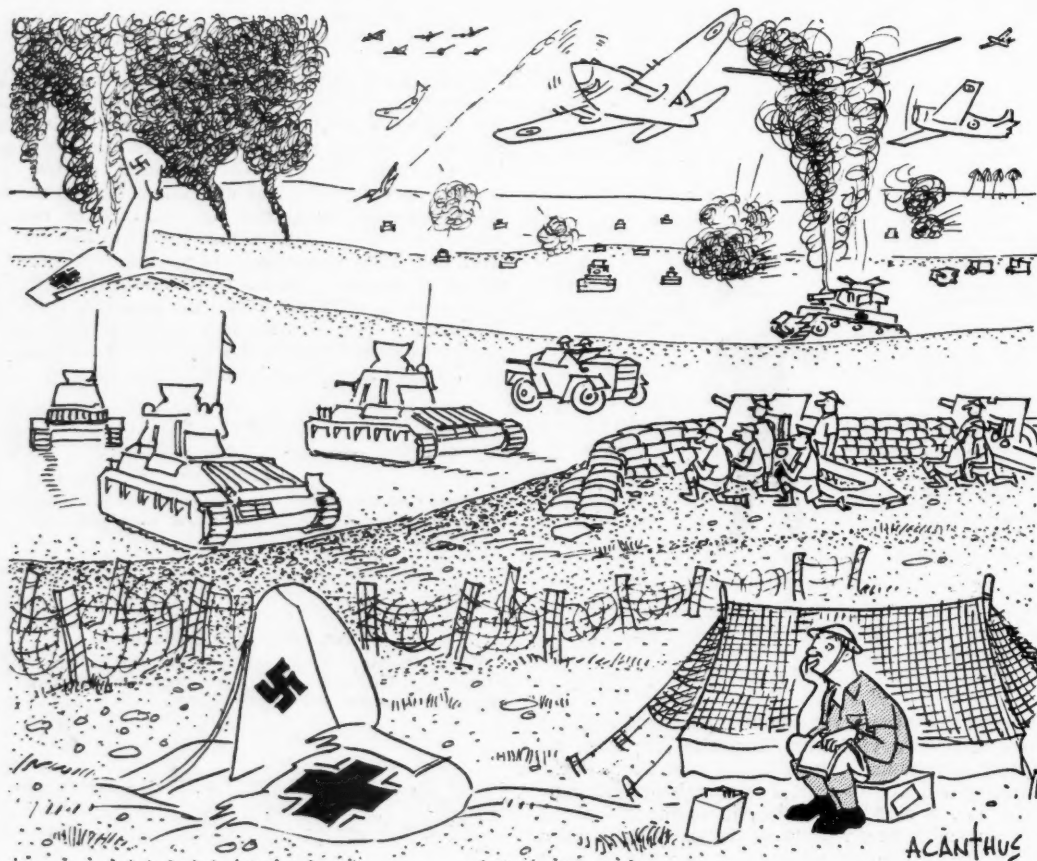
"Several commentators condemned these mass murders as 'one of the most revolting outrages in our time' and called for the watermelon."—*Palestine Post*.

#### An Encouraging Diagnosis

"Worried, Hull.—I am glad you like this column and find it interesting. This is, of course, a purely nervous habit, and indicates no organic disorder."—*Provincial Paper*.



"I reckon they ought to have separate compartments for civilians."



*"I wish I could think of something to write home about."*

## London, Awake

*(It is announced that London Transport buses will in future be painted a reddish-brown.)*

LONDON is sad this morning. Stern men bunch  
 Together on the pavements and discuss,  
 Forgetful even of the hours of lunch,  
 A new threat hanging o'er their motor-bus,  
 For that majestic tumbrel, so 'tis said,  
 Pomp of the suburb, glory of the town,  
 Is doomed henceforth to change its pride of red  
 To a non-vital and unlovely brown.

When the new alien calls our climate drab  
 We smile politely and forgive the man;  
 When, growing bolder, he aspires to crab  
 Our public highways, if he likes, he can;  
 Merely we take him by the arm and say  
 "Friend, though you hold our general aspect grim,  
 Regard yon buses sweeping on their way;  
 What do you think of that?" Which flattens him.

And where is aught more goodly to the view  
 Than these bright lights as flashingly they ply,  
 Poising like dragon-flies about a queue,  
 Then flitting in a bevy'd radiance by?  
 See them throw back the fulness of the sun  
 Or drive a stab of colour through the mirk;  
 Shall they be darkened to a clumsy dun?  
 My certes, 'twere a nasty piece of work.

Therefore I bid the men of London wake  
 And with a vigour not to be ignored  
 By local indignation meetings shake  
 E'en the complacency of a Transport Board.  
 What, shall a mighty city be coerced  
 And meanly cringe 'neath this misguided blow?  
 Proclaim, O London, what you'll see them first;  
 Rise, Londoners, and tell them where to go.

DUM-DUM.



JAN SMUTS—PATHFINDER

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, October 20th.**—House of Lords: India Again.

House of Commons: Non-stop Variety.

**Wednesday, October 21st.**—Both Houses Praise Famous Men.

**Thursday, October 22nd.**—House of Commons—Stands Adjourned.

**Tuesday, October 20th.**—Whimsy! That was the atmosphere in the Commons to-day—whimsy. The Treasury Bench, where the Ministers sit, is often glum-looking and careworn these days. Sometimes it is downright blue.

But to-day, for some unknown reason, all that was changed. Ministers almost danced into their places, took their bows (with or without applause) and beamed on the audience. The House beamed back, and cheered generously when a Minister worked off the mildest of jokes. Word seemed to have gone round Whitehall that the

for months, tripped gaily in and answered a question. This experiment went so well that he answered a second—and dashed off again before his luck turned.

Sir JAMES GRIGG, War Minister, answered a whole series of queries, and then Non-stop Variety began. Half a dozen succeeding questions were replied to, each by a different Minister. Even the Special Performance could not produce a personal appearance by Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Air Minister, or Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, First Lord of the Admiralty, but their deputies, Captain BALFOUR and Captain PILKINGTON, did their stuff with their usual skill.

Up and down the Ministers bobbed, first one here at the end of the row, then one in the middle, then one at the far end, then back to the middle. Members watched in silent fascination, then cheered lustily.

Members did a bit of bobbing, too. Mr. TOM DRIBERG, whose thirst for knowledge is matched only by the fertility and variety of his suggestions, wanted a three-halfpenny piece—presumably to lessen the blow to those from North of the Tweed who find it hard to part with three separate bawbees at a time.

But Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer (who is also Lord-High-Something of the Royal Mint), said he was sorry—awfully sorry—that it could not be done. Complicated business, mucking about with the currency. Sorry, and all that.

Mr. DRIBERG seemed overwhelmed by the Minister's patent grief, smiled kindly across at him, pressed button B, got his three (separate) halfpence back, and dropped them into the Chancellor's mendicant hat.

Everybody was so pally that there was a gasp of rather pained surprise when the irrepressible Mr. RUPERT DE LA BERE, dissatisfied (as is his wont) with some reply, spoke of "ugly unreality." Gallantly overcoming initial difficulties with this artful alliteration, he finally got it over quite creditably and comparatively intelligibly.

Somebody asked Sir DONALD SOMERVELL, the Attorney-General, about putting lawyers at the head of all police-courts. Somebody else said he "preferred common sense," and Mr. Attorney respectfully submitted that common sense and legal knowledge were not, of necessity or statutorily, mutually exclusive. There seemed to be some doubt about this, and Mr. IAN HANNAH, for the respondents, sought a ruling on the proposition that common sense was a very uncommon thing.

"Quite, quite!" agreed Mr. Attorney, in his best "As-your-Lordship-pleases" manner, and everybody laughed some more. Judgment reserved.

But the whimsy faded instantly when Lord WINTERTON inquired whether opportunity could be provided



"The language of Cambria still charms us in song."

[In the debate on the Welsh Courts Bill Lord DAVIES caused much amusement by delivering his peroration in Welsh.]

soon to discuss the cold-blooded chaining by the Germans of British prisoners as a "reprisal" for alleged tying of Germans taken in heat of battle. No, said Sir STAFFORD CRIFFS, it was not thought helpful or desirable to have such a debate just now.

The House dismissed, with the customary airy nonchalance, a Treasury demand for another £1,000,000,000 to pay for a month or two of the war. This made twelve hundred thousand millions—or twelve million thousand millions . . . or something—since the war began. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD seemed disposed to adopt (*mutatis mutandis*) the famed words of Mr. CHURCHILL's father about "those damned dots" and to inquire about the utility of those "damned noughts" which seem to grow so prolifically in the Exchequer hot-house.

Nobody seems to think it quite nice to notice or bother about an odd clutch (that, surely, income tax being what it is, is the word) of noughts, and the demand was met in a few moments. Sir KINGSLEY nodded graciously.



### THE TOP NOTCH?

["It is possible that we may now have passed the period of striking increases in the rate of war expenditure."—Sir Kingsley Wood.]

House was in a good mood, and Ministers who have for long been strangers to the Chamber made a cautious appearance.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, who looks after our petrol and has not been seen



*"I think it was a mistake throwing the profession open to women."*

Then various Members let themselves go about the stinginess of the Ministry of Pensions. "Scurvy," Captain BELLENGER said it was. "Dirty and mean" was Mr. VERNON BARTLETT's description—and he added modestly that it was "not good enough."

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, the Minister of Pensions, who is apt to take these strictures personally, although there are few men to whom they could less apply, leaped to his own defence, and pointed out that his Ministry honestly tried to find ways of giving pensions, and not (as the critics seemed to think) of withholding them. They had done much for the pensioner and hoped to do more.

The House left it at that—for the present.

A debate on India occupied their Lordships for some time. It followed traditional lines, which is to say that nothing new emerged from it; either by way of criticism or Government policy.

Perhaps that is why it is called the Unchanging East.

Wednesday, October 21st.—On the rare occasions when Parliament sets

out to praise it certainly does the thing unstintingly and handsomely. The events of to-day will find their place in the history-books of the future, for Field-Marshal JAN SMUTS, that boyish septuagenarian, strode confidently into the presence of the two Houses, assembled together in complete amity, and addressed them for forty minutes.

There they were, Peers and the elect of the people, constitutionally and traditionally cool friends, if not active foes, sitting in long rows waiting for a great Boer General and statesman to speak. How they crowded into the place, and jostled and trod on each other, and leaped chair-backs, and squeezed and thrust their way into seats and standing-room! And how they roared their welcome as the khaki-clad South African leader, with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, the PRIME MINISTER, the LORD CHANCELLOR and Mr. Speaker, appeared!

With the unflinching instinct of the Father of the Commons, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said just the right words—and the right number—in introduction. Then, to a roar of cheers that could surely have been heard in Berchtesgaden, General SMUTS spoke. A gentle,

soothing voice is his, and the two Houses listened eagerly.

It was a skilful review of the war, from the time it started in 1914 (for he did not admit there was peace from 1918 to 1939) up to the present, and into the future. There were no words of complacency, none of easy times to come. There were warnings that bitter times were ahead, but the war was a new crusade, a fight to the death for man's rights and liberties.

A long, long catalogue of the ills that beset—and will yet beset—us . . . and then: "*These things will pass!*"

That quietly-spoken phrase rang through the great building and, it seemed, down the avenue of the years to a lasting peace.

"Your very presence is a comfort," Mr. CHURCHILL said to General SMUTS, and the assembly cheered. They sang a quavering "He's a jolly good fellow!" They cheered again. All very undignified—but very delightful, sincere and human. They trooped out into the bomb-damaged streets and went away thoughtfully.

Thursday, October 22nd.—The two Houses adjourned for a time, to prepare for a new session.



"It 'ur-urts more—if I l-laugh!"

## Taxes and the Residue

**I** THINK inspectors of income tax are undergoing a change of heart.

I don't want to raise false hopes. I know that one swallow does not make a summer. Even two swallows do not always make a nest. But there are indications, tiny pointers from that vast turmoil of ideas and plans that rages incessantly behind the austere façade of Somerset House.

The first indication I had was from a young and beautiful actress of my acquaintance. She is a remarkable girl; it is not often you find an actress who is both young and beautiful. But that, as they say, is another story. She told me that she made an income-tax return (we are on sufficiently intimate terms to discuss freely our respective Inspectors of Taxes) and in it she showed a considerable income but nearly equally considerable

expenses. Almost by return, certainly within a month or so, she received a reply containing the following sentence:—"In view of the expenses you have claimed, I wonder if it is worth while your continuing on the stage."

What a pretty vignette of homely, fatherly advice this comment conjures up! In my mind I could see the girl, tossing uneasily in her bed after reading the letter, her morning tea getting cold, *The Times* unread by her side, suddenly realizing the folly of it all, and thanking her stars that she had been given such sympathetic counsel from so unexpected a quarter. Very sensibly, in the end she decided that to increase her income would be the best way out of the impasse; but whatever her decision, it does not alter the nature of the thoughts behind the advice.

But a much more significant incident

occurred only this week. I had been dining out with a prominent manufacturer who had some ideas he wanted to talk about and discard and, when I caught the last train home, my mind was a merry whirl of production statistics, the latest dance tunes and the perfectly amazing way in which supplies of old brandy have held out in some quarters. I was rather surprised to find that I was sharing the carriage with Smithers, my Inspector of Taxes. Apparently he too had been spending a rather riotous time at his club—The United Taxgatherers, I think it is.

"A most interesting evening," said Smithers. "The betting was very high."

"Betting?" I asked.

"Ambrose and Bertram were at it again," he said. "Ambrose's best book-maker is Trot, who regularly returns a

net income of £10,000. Bertram, who has the next district, can only produce Blunder, who, so far, has never topped £8,000. But Blunder is on the upgrade, while Trot rather fell away in his last return. And as Blunder's return is always late—in fact it usually needs a police-court summons to get it—there is rather a pleasant atmosphere of suspense about the whole thing. I was surprised how much support Blunder was getting to-night. Have a cigar?"

My mind slowly took in the implications from this glimpse of club-life in the Taxgatherers. Could it really be that inspectors of taxes regarded the inhabitants of their districts as a kind of team, to be pitted against similar teams in adjoining districts? How did, say, the best ten company-promoters in the Threadneedle Street area compare with those grouped around the City Guildhall? Do Chelsea journalists come within striking distance of those in Hampstead, or is there some dark-horse district, like Balham or Cricklewood, which romps home every now and again, an easy winner?

And, perhaps, inspectors were gradually realizing that this kind of team needed nursing, that taxpayers were not vermin to be hunted from thicket to copse, but potential First Division men, engaged in foiling the wolf which lurks at every door, sometimes even in the umbrella-stand? It was at this point that I thought of Smeed. Smeed writes. So do I. The difference between Smeed and myself is that whereas I (a) can rarely think of a plot and (b) if I do, cannot put down my ideas at all clearly, Smeed simply reeks with ideas, and, as the *Sunday Sport* put it so well, his fertile imagination is only equalled by the fluency of his pen. Smeed and I both live in the same district. If my diligence and industry could be harnessed to Smeed's fertility, Smithers would have a team which he could play against practically any other pair in the County of London, with the certainty of success.

I put it to him gently and with considerable tact—so I thought.

"You mean you want to pinch this fellow Smeed's ideas?" Smithers said, very crudely.

"On the contrary," I replied, with dignity. "What you chaps don't realize is that you must encourage us, co-operate with us. Don't you realize that the more income I have, the more tax you will get?"

"Not necessarily," he replied. "It usually means that your expenses go up."

"Don't be so parochial. Doesn't that mean that I will spend more on

tobacco and drink, and so increase the revenue in other ways? One doesn't work for oneself nowadays."

It was plain that Smithers was interested in the implications of the idea.

"I'm a bit short of authors," he admitted. "At the moment I only just beat Maida Vale West."

"That's a very inferior position indeed for a really intelligent district like yours."

"I suppose you don't know a first-class nursery gardener who would transfer to us?" he mused. "The Club has a very interesting little pool in trades beginning with 'N'."

"Now don't edge away from the subject," I replied. "I'm offering you an excellent proposition. In fact I don't remember ever having made one which could do more good and less harm."

"You don't then simply want to batten on Smeed?" He still seemed suspicious.

"Absolutely not. I'm simply concerned with helping the war effort by making full use of everybody's ideas."

Unfortunately at this point I inadvertently closed my eyes and all I heard from Smithers was a low mumble. When I opened them again I was being dragged out of the compartment at our station, rather clumsily, for Smithers let me fall and I damaged my head. I have not seen Smithers since.

But I feel the seeds are germinating. There is a new spirit abroad in Somerset House.

## True or False?

CAPTAIN Paravane, on special duty in Canada, was not upset or confused by the various climates, accents, and customs which he encountered. He was even able to differentiate between London, Ont., and London, Eng., to the complete satisfaction of his listeners, in spite of the fact that both cities are watered by a River Thames. The only subject upon which Captain Paravane felt slightly unsound was the fauna of Canada, referred to locally as "the wild life." In Ontario men would speak to him of partridges and then hasten to say "Of course our partridge is not a true partridge. It's a grouse, really. The Canada Grouse, or Ruffed Grouse." Captain Paravane would tell them that he didn't care whether their partridge was true or not. He didn't even care if it was a true grouse. They could call it a peacock, if it seemed like

a good idea to them, and he wouldn't mind. But this never consoled them. They merely kept on explaining.

It was the same with their robins. These robins, it seemed, were not true robins at all, but thrushes. People wanted to apologize to Captain Paravane about them. They took him for a guardian of all true robins, and this made him uneasy. "They look very like robins to me," he would say, but this kind of soft-spoken British diplomacy fooled nobody. Everyone knew that Captain Paravane was badly cut up about the bogus robins.

Similarly, the local elk were no good. They were not elk at all, not true elk, but wapiti. As wapiti, people admitted, they were fine. But as elk they were a joke. They hoped Captain Paravane didn't mind. He said he didn't, but it was clear he did.

By the time he reached the Pacific Coast in British Columbia Captain Paravane was prepared for almost any kind of deception among the birds and mammals. But he had forgotten all about fish. On the Pacific Coast, he learnt, it is the salmon which is false. It is not a true salmon, but a monstrous trout. The salmon he had met in New Brunswick and Quebec were the real thing, but the Pacific salmon were mere perjurers.

"They seem to get into tins and pass for salmon all right," said Captain Paravane.

"Oh, yes," he was told. But they're not the real thing, you see."

Captain Paravane saw, but he didn't care. Instead of examining a salmon's birth-certificate he wanted to catch a few. When he had made this clear he was provided with tackle and a boat and he rowed about the waters of Howe Sound for several hours. The salmon were churlish that day and refused to accommodate Captain Paravane, but he did kill about fifteen little sea-trout, which he brought proudly back to his hotel. They tasted even better than they looked. He asked someone about the chances of getting some more sea-trout.

"Sea-trout?" said his friend. "Oh, you mean those little grilse. Yes, they run for a month or two. You should get some more. But they are not trout, you know. They are baby salmon. They are not a true trout at all."

"Look here," said Captain Paravane, "correct me if I am wrong. Your salmon is not a true salmon, is he?"

"Strictly speaking, no."

"Then his young are not salmon either? If he is really a trout, then his young are trout?"

"Oh, absolutely. But they're not real trout. They're just baby salmon."

## At the Play

### "THE LITTLE FOXES" (PICCADILLY)

THE story of *The Little Foxes* now comes to us in the form in which Nature, with active assistance from Miss LILLIAN HELLMAN, obviously devised it originally. It is now to be seen as a stage-play at the Piccadilly. In book-form this reads like a fine play, a thing furnished with a likely plot (with ingenious and surprising turns to it, and a striking ending) and filled with unusual but plausible characters. In film-form this was obviously a fine play photographed. Being a film, it left very little to the imagination. The dying banker, *Regina's* husband, sends down to the bank for his deposit-box from which, as he rightly suspects, his wife's relations have stolen his bonds. At the cinema we must be shown the actual theft by the ferrety nephew *Leo*. The film, too, had an outdoor glimpse of *Regina's* daughter riding away with her coloured nurse, and an indoor glimpse—a very witty one—of *Leo* and his rascally father, *Oscar*, planning the theft while shaving at the same mirror. The stage-play has no need of these diversions of scene. It obeys the unity of place, and is almost as taut and telling as IBSEN himself could make it.

But doubtless the reader, who has no time to read plays and has overlooked the film, will interrupt here, as the king interrupted *Hamlet*, to ask what is all this miching mallecho. He shall be answered directly in like manner: "It is called *The Little Foxes*. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder—or at least, a near-murder—done in a well-to-do house in a Southern State forty years ago: *Horace* is the banker's name; his wife, *Regina*: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

*Regina* is a woman of charm and beauty who is at heart a rapacious harpy, and for the latter two Acts of this play she wears that heart on her sleeve. She cannot persuade *Horace* to invest certain funds in a dubious project, arranged by her two brothers *Oscar* and *Ben*, for employing negro labour in a cotton-mill. The author gives a sufficient implication of the plan in the remarks of the coloured nanny to *Horace* himself, made confidentially and behind the schemers' backs: "Little while now, even sitting here, you'll hear the red bricks going

into place. The next day the smoke'll be pushing out the chimneys, and by church time that Sunday every human born of woman will be living on chicken. That's how Mr. Ben's been telling the story. They used to believing what Mr. Ben orders. There ain't been so much talk around here since General Sherman's army didn't come near."

But the gentle and honest *Horace* will not yield his financial help to such a scheme, not even though *Regina* follows this sick man up to his bedroom and shouts herself hoarse with rebukes and reproaches. It is at this impasse that the theft is committed by *Leo*, who is a clerk in the bank. Both *Oscar* and *Ben* are, of course, in collusion. But not so *Regina*, who does not learn of the crime till later, and then—most dramatically and appropriately—from the lips of her husband, who imagines that she knows already. This deals the dreadful *Regina* a master-hand of trumps in the game against her brothers and nephew. She can now blackmail them into giving her a major share of profit in their scheme.

While they are talking, *Horace* suddenly chokes. Calculation is busy in her face, and she will not pass the medicine to him. Would not his death be an immediate advantage? She lets the agonized man crawl up to his room, and it is not until he collapses near the top of the staircase that she calls for help. But the charming daughter, *Alexandra*, has seen her father lying on the stairs. How did he come to be there? *Regina* duly enjoys her triumphal scene with her nearest and dearest. They have played badly—she has played well. But she does not know, as we do, of the provision made by the newly-dead husband for *Alexandra* and her black nanny. And she is yet to know of the fear which strikes her to the heart as she goes upstairs to bed at curtain-fall.

The one flaw in Miss FAY COMPTON'S masterly presentation of *Regina* is that she makes too little of the indications of charm, which are most in evidence in the First Act. This steely beauty, with no fascination or even fun to it, brings the whole play perilously near to mere melodrama of the *Rebecca* variety. Alternately, it makes us wonder why the play is not *Macbeth* and this the Lady. But there are many virtues in Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS'S production which will conceal any such flaws from those who have not seen the film or soaked themselves in the merits of the text. There are, for example, Mr. RONALD WARD'S persuasively good-hearted *Horace*, and Miss MARY MERRALL'S feather-brained but touching sister-in-law. And there

are two young people of high promise. Miss DULCIE GRAY makes an irresistibly sympathetic water-colour drawing of the daughter, and Mr. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH gives an irresistibly unsympathetic study of the foxlet called *Leo*. Mr. ATTENBOROUGH is an actor. We have already noted the fact in *Awake and Sing*. And we may note it still more in the current film called *In Which We Serve*. Unless my eyes deceive me utterly, it is this more than budding player who is the young stoker reprimanded by Captain Coward of the *Torrin*—the boy who declined to stand on the burning deck. A. D.

## Times Aren't What They Were.

ONCE upon a time there was a young evacuated person named Polly, or—as she herself preferred to call it—Pollay.

Well, Pollay and her country hostess got on together a fair treat, which was a delightful change for the Billeting Officer and everyone else. The hostess wasn't one of them that drives a girl nearly mad by going on about the countryside and all like that. On the contrary, her motto—as she often told Pollay—was Live and Let Live, which suited Pollay fine. They lived in Miss Catt's Ivy Cottage, and no nonsense about opening the kitchen window, still less the bedroom ones, once the weather had turned—which, Miss Catt told Pollay, it had practically done from the word Go this year.

The mother of Pollay had remained in Balham on account of Dad's being in a spot of trouble with the police, and not the first time either, because, say what you like, they had a down on him. But she wrote ever so regular, and when Miss Catt told Pollay to write back and mention that Miss Nosey Parker at school would start creating if Pollay didn't soon show up in a winter coat and a hat for Sundays, Pollay's Mum sent her a parcel. The parcel contained a yellow silk frock and a manicure-set, and Mum's letter said that she'd got the jumper off of a lady-friend's friend, and no cupongs either.

Pollay was delighted with her presents and Miss Catt thought them very *recherché* and said so several times. But she did say too that a yellow silk dress wasn't a winter coat—not by ever such a long way. Nor yet a manicure-set wasn't a hat.

So Pollay wrote again, and this time Mum answered that she'd be down for the week-end and North Cornwall



*"Coo! Look at all the buses queueing-up for passengers!"*

would make a nice change and if it hadn't been for this petrol-rationing she'd have come in a gentleman-friend's car, but thanks to old Itler it'd have to be the train. And the train it was, and Mum said she was fair sick and tired of seeing "Is Your Journey Really Necessary?" stuck up all over the place, and that the number of people travelling was something chronic and didn't ought to be allowed.

She brought Pollay a lovely pixie-hood in Scotch plaid, and a packet of tea for Miss Catt and no cupongs hadn't changed hands over that, either. Everything was going splendidly until, the weather having turned once again, the radio went and started a regular thing about economizing fuel.

So when Pollay wanted to warm herself—because the yellow silk frock and the plaid pixie-hood and her old peep-toe sandals hadn't kept her warm, not to say *warm*—she simply found

cinders in the grate and pretty near nothing else.

However, she made the best of a bad job and sat down, more or less in the cinders, and pulled off her peep-toe sandals to try to warm her feet.

And believe it or not, her mother came and caught her, and took on something awful because of Pollay's clothes, and gave her a hiding, just like old times at home. But when Miss Catt said to give over and not render herself liable for assault, Mum's feelings were ever so badly hurt and she said if there'd only been a proper fire in the grate none of it wouldn't never have happened. And Miss Catt said Well, what about Mr. Grisewood on the wireless, going on forever about the fuel target when what a person really wanted to hear was Commander Campbell and the others having a nice scrap?

Talk about scrap, said Pollay, scrap

was the word, okay. So it was too, but it came to an end and no bones broken either, which was a pleasant surprise. And when they'd all had a good cry, Miss Catt lit the fire again and said a nice cup of tea was what they all needed and Mum said: Pollay, put the kettle on and we'll all have tea. Lord Woolton himself wouldn't never grudge it to us.

E. M. D.

### *From Middle East*

**WAR** makes men callous!

*E.g., I*

Am most attractive  
To the Desert Fly,  
But do my fellow-  
Soldiers show  
Concern for me

On that score? No. A. W. B.



"Gosh, I've only brought seven records."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Bernard Shaw

In his other portraits of rich or singular characters—SYDNEY SMITH, LABOUCHERE, GILBERT and SULLIVAN, TOM PAINE—Mr. HESKETH PEARSON was neither helped nor hindered by his sitters, all of whom were dead. In his latest biography (*Bernard Shaw: His Life and Personality*, COLLINS, 21/-) he has had throughout the unflagging collaboration of his subject. This has been both an advantage and a disadvantage. Mr. PEARSON has known what questions to put, but Mr. SHAW, with more than half a century's experience of producing himself, has usually known what answers to make. The book is a tug-of-war in which, if Mr. PEARSON had won, we should have had SHAW the man, if Mr. SHAW had won, we should have had SHAW the superman. As it is, the battle is a drawn one, with the advantage on Mr. PEARSON's side in the first half, and on Mr. SHAW's in the second. Fortunately the first half, in which we see Mr. SHAW as a boy and a young man, pictures him so completely that the reader will be able to make his own corrections and adjustments further on.

SHAW's father, a kindly ineffectual man, escaped into drink from his responsibilities; his mother escaped into music. SHAW made the best of his father's drunkenness by treating it as a joke, and of his mother's neglect by creating an imaginary world in which he was equally irresistible in

war and love, overcoming kings on the battlefield and queens in the boudoir. The world outside his dreams frightened him. "He was," Mr. PEARSON writes, "excessively sensitive, diffident and shy, quickly reduced to tears and wretchedly timid, but extraordinarily impudent." His future career developed naturally from this combination of impudence and shyness. Emotionally he was afraid of the world, intellectually he was contemptuous of it. Had he been less divided, he might have accepted instead of evading the suffering caused him by his father's drunkenness and his mother's neglect, and passed through life instead of skirting it. He was further handicapped by the curious sterility of the Anglo-Irish Dubliner, to which he refers himself when he speaks of the "flippant futile derision peculiar to Dublin." Between them, Dublin and his parents forced the youthful SHAW into the belittlement of feeling which runs through all his plays, often enhancing their comedy but depriving them of depth and reality. *Mephistopheles*, whom he saw in GOUNOD's *Faust*, embodied for him in his teens the insouciant indifference he longed to achieve. He used to paint frescoes of *Mephistopheles* on the whitewashed walls of his bedroom, and began gradually to resemble his hero, for, in his own words, "when Nature completed my countenance in 1880 or thereabouts . . . I found myself equipped with the upgrowing moustaches and eyebrows, and the sarcastic nostrils of the operatic fiend whose airs I had sung as a child, and whose attitudes I had affected in my boyhood."

The *Mephistophelean* pose of detachment from human desires and feelings which SHAW assumed as a boy became second nature to him during his long struggle for fame, and served as the chief means to his triumph. It would be an exaggeration to say that he was thrust to the top of the tree by persons whom his seeming willingness to remain at the bottom galled as a reflection on their own more mundane attitude to success. But certainly no one has ever benefited more from the impulse which makes people force favours on those who appear not to desire them. This is especially evident in his affairs of the mind—one cannot call them affairs of the heart. His studied elusiveness attracted many women, but they got nothing out of him except an echo of the protestations he had addressed to his royal mistresses in his youthful dreams. "My pockets," he once said, "are always full of the small change of love-making; but it is magic money, not real money. . . ."

The worst of being *Mephistopheles* is that one cannot also be *Faust*. To escape from the unreality of his personal life SHAW turned himself into the most brilliant public speaker of his day and one of its most laborious vestrymen. To add solidity to his plays, which were dazzlingly amusing and filled with amiable and witty marionettes, he prefaced them with detailed denunciations of modern society, pictured by him as rotten with futility, corruption and despair. But whatever he did or said, he remained where his early years and his own character had placed him, outside the common experiences which are the raw material of the imaginative genius. Thus placed, he was able to plan his course with greater care than if he had been jostling in the crowd, and though he says somewhere that his kingdom was not of this world, he gained, as he most fully deserved to, an earthly crown.

H. K.

#### "My Contrasted Worlds"

When one day found you "the only poet in a bus-load of book-makers," and another the only hunting-man, golfer, cricketer and "inveterate lawn-weeder" in a company of *literati*, it is obvious that your unreconciled twenties—unreconciled alike to life and your own discrepant tastes—

will repay careful charting. When Mr. SIEGFRIED SASSOON wrote *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* the dilemmas which bulk so largely in *The Weald of Youth* (FABER, 8/6) hardly appeared. *George Sherston* was "me with a lot left out." The new book portrays the making of a poet in the days when "he does trifle so perfectly" could be said in a complimentary spirit of the middle-aged EDMUND GOSSE. SASSOON seemed to be perfecting a useless instrument. The Great War—whose opening found him in khaki and closes this book—was biding its inspirational time. Here are point-to-point races, "home-made" cricket, and vintage games of uncommercialized golf; but the effete literary London to which the poet burned to apprentice his ardent young muse takes pride of place. Among happier portraits, like those of C. M. DOUGHTY and RUPERT BROOKE, a rather gross full-length of T. W. H. CROSLAND ungratefully ignores the fact that a delightful treatise on the English sonnet was written by this gormandizing bully. H. P. E.

### And Who is Anna?

"Who is *Anna*, what is she?" one hums, as the wrapping-paper comes off and the outside of Mr. NORMAN COLLINS's novel is discovered. Thoughts of *Emma*, *Evelina* and *Diana* (of the Crossways) are hastily put aside until the new candidate has proved her worthiness to have her name upon the cover of a book. She begins very well, this heroine of *Anna* (COLLINS, 10/6), for she leaves home for love. The time is 1870, the lady seventeen and a German, the young man French and under his father's thumb. Please notice the date, for the frontier is closing, and *Anna*, unmarried, friendless, and without a *carte d'identité*, is about to be besieged in Paris. The plot of this book is most resourceful and full of invention, and the account of the siege is particularly good, partly because the heroine is presently married to the proprietor of a restaurant and thus legitimately enables us to learn what *their* rationing was like. And then there is a soldier, and after him a duel on the frontier, and a villa at Monte Carlo provided by one who buys and sells banks, and a baby, and eventually the schoolroom in an English country house, and—but what are *Anna's* feelings about these convulsions in her way of living? Alas! the author's ingenuity is largely wasted. Whereas Miss AUSTEN's young ladies had to become heroines with nothing but a ball and a trip to Bath to help them (they were not always even particularly pretty), *Anna* is a beauty, has been loved and kept and deserted, has besides spent four years in a convent in the South of France, and is nevertheless—ungrateful girl!—a stick.

J. S.

### "A Makeshift Age"

Disclaiming scholarship—for he has documented his entertaining book solely from the most accessible sources—an American journalist, Mr. LOUIS KRONENBERGER, has thoroughly enjoyed debunking eighteenth-century England. Yet *Kings and Desperate Men* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6) has nothing of the Boston Tea Party about it. Two charitable pages on the War of Independence discover the American colonists rather peeved than injured. As a picture, however, of what they escaped—and of what the English themselves slowly began to think of escaping—this account of "a supremely cynical and predatory age" is well worth scrutiny. Inset in the text—predominantly a survey of life in London—are portraits of "great men": and "great men" (the author quotes Lord ACTON with relish) "are almost always bad men." In any case Mr. KRONENBERGER's tastes are humane rather than æsthetic. He prefers WESLEY to STERNE and rightly indicts the Georgian arts as being

exceptionally parasitic. One feels that as a journalist he might have put in a good word for DEFOE's style. Yet a charming aside on our taste for "travesties with tunes" links GAY with GILBERT and SULLIVAN; and a constant sense of stage values finds other scenes no less dramatic than those between Queen ANNE and SARAH CHURCHILL "still good theatre." H. P. E.

### Blind Country

It was in the "naughty nineties"—as our timorous ancestors termed them—that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS first sprang into our notice with his *Children of the Mist* and *The Human Boy*. His latest novel (not, we hope, his last) is still concerned with his favourite Dartmoor, and opens with *Captain Havilland*, blinded at Dunkirk and guided by his faithful servant, *Joe Bent*, ex-sergeant, badly wounded on those same beaches, discovered fishing in the private water of Mr. John Calmady, who generously overlooks the trespass and proceeds to offer excellent advice as to the best flies for that particular district. This serves as an introduction to the *Calmady* family, and especially to the daughter *Julia*, who has been blind from birth. How these two fall in love and separate and come together again is the theme of *Pilgrims of the Night* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6)—a simple but engrossing story, in which the different attitudes towards blindness of the girl who has never seen and the man who has provide an interesting study. Humorous relief is given by the conversation in the servants' hall, chiefly about "that Hitler" and his satellities. It must be confessed that above stairs the dialogue is on occasion slightly magniloquent. Our author is all right with his little fishes but he is not free from the reproach of making his bigger ones talk like whales. And the most prominent cetaceans are undoubtedly the amiable *John Calmady* and the equally unamiable *Florence Havilland*, sister of our wounded officer. This lady, eminently capable and an earnest Christian, with the strongest ideas on discipline, is a high officer in the Red Cross and one of the most unpleasant characters in recent fiction. But she is alive, in spite of her too long speeches, and so are most of the rest, while the blind *Julia* makes a sufficiently charming heroine.

L. W.





"Shake, fella—we're cowboys, too!"

## British Industries at War

Bottoms Up

(Mr. Punch's Special Reporter continues his tour of Industrial Britain at the "Provost's Nest," Glasgow.)

IT was the evening of my return from Middlesbrough, and I was dog-tired. My chair had been drawn up to the gas-cooker and my slippers were warming under the grill. The telephone bell rang.

"Hello," I said wearily, "Sprocket speaking."

"Cover the 'Scottish Kaiser' affair and go to it." It was the editor.

"'Scottish Kaiser' affair?" I said. "Never heard of it." I could hear the Chief biting hard on his briar and rattling his cuff-links—a sound more dreaded perhaps than any in Fleet Street.

"Come round," he barked.

I went round and was immediately handed a cutting from the *Evening Klaxon*. It read: "Scottish Kaiser Solves Shipping Problem. Hush-hush on Clydeside. It is reported that Mr. Ian Carruthers, the Scottish shipping magnate, has now begun production of

his secret freighters. His methods, like those of Kaiser, the Pacific Coast ship-builder, involve prefabrication. That is all that is known. Interviewed today the genial Caledonian said, 'All I will say is that so far as Hitler is concerned the game is up. There will be no sinkings among my freighters.' It is understood that the 'Carruthers Coracles' will each take six days to complete."

The prospect of a journey to Scotland did not appear unpleasant. Surely, I thought, I could do myself no disservice in that land dotted with distilleries. I caught the Night Mail.

However hush-hush might be the Carruthers plan, there was nothing hush-hush about Clydeside itself. The noise was stupefying. Hundreds of thousands of riveters chattered like all-steel magpies, like the cicalas of Provence. Above the noise of hammers, mallets, winches, "scuffles," drills and

punches rose the whine of ships being launched. To the creaking of blocks and the spread-eagling of spars was added the viscous squelch of millions of tons of slipway grease. The cacophony was appalling to the sensitive ears of one accustomed only to the scratching of a fearless pen. As convoy after convoy slipped out to sea I felt a sudden glow of pride in the knowledge that there is just a hint of Scottish blood in my veins (from my father's side). I watched one huge grey leviathan ride smoothly from its yard to its destined element, and somehow I felt that if the children, the inheritors of our great democracy, could witness such a spectacle they would realize the truth more easily than by application to their text-books. For here was proof positive of the Principle of Archimedes.

It was in this vaguely nostalgic mood that I watched the busy scene

below. Suddenly a ship's hooter sounded the hour for lunch and immediately, so excellent is the discipline of our workers, the ship became a hive of activity. Black figures poured through portholes and down gangways. They emerged from funnels and airshafts. They swarmed down ropes and cables. Their objective was the "Provost's Nest," and thither, after a final exhilarating inspection of the panorama, I repaired.

Fortunately the sole topic of conversation seemed to be the Carruthers case, and I was able to learn all I needed without the customary gambit of uneasy palaver and the ruinous standing of drinks.

"There's nae mystery aboot it,"\* said one young man. "I hearrd todee tha' it's merely a rev'alization o' th' auld 'Q' ship idea. Mister Carruthers is buildin' his ships to appearr upsiedoon. At least tha' wha' i' looks like. In reali'y the upper parrt o' th' ship is fashioned wi' a keel (which disguises th' funnels) and th' U-boats do think th' ship's awready a to'al wreck. Canny, is i' no'?"

Another man ventured the suggestion that the hush-boats were submarine freighters of ten thousand tons capacity, and another (rather late in the evening) declared that they were mercantile monsters bred and tamed in Loch Ness.

Eventually I did get into conversation with a man who paints Plimsoll Lines. He would not speak of his own work, but he was a mine of information regarding other problems of shipbuilding. He it was who told me how near to complete success the U-boat campaign came in the dark days of 1941. In May of that year the position (it appears) was so serious that ships were going to sea in the most unseaworthy condition. They went unfinished and unfitted to meet the foe—some without fo'c'sles and poops, some with the ship's carpenters' wood-shavings still in them, and some with no more than the most perfunctory of launching ceremonies. I learned with pleasure that the workers of Clydeside are happy and contented. With them there is none of the nagging and fault-finding that is so common with the keyhole-fittings manufacturers of Battersea, none of the wordy lamentation that we hear so often among steam-hammer operators. The equanimity of the shipwrights does not rest with rates of pay or hours and conditions of work. It is something inborn,

like their shortage of "change." The Glaswegian is heart and soul in the war effort. He would never, I feel sure, spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. Not him! Not a ha'porth!

Before I left Glasgow that night I also learned how to manœuvre a full-rigged ship into a glass bottle, but the Editor may feel that an account of this would be superfluous and irrelevant.

## Trowt for Two

By Smith Minor

YOU may think it funny that I am writing about trowt, espeshully jest now when you aren't supposed to catch them, and in case you do I will tell you why I am doing it, at least, one reason. It is becorse I can't think of anything else. Sometimes ideas

"Seathe throuh your head, from best to worst,

Untill you feal your brain will burst,"

but at other times you jest sit and wait and nothing comes. This time I sat and waited, and nothing came but trowt.

"Why write at all if you can't think of anything better?" said Green, when I told him.

"Well, it's been a bit longer than ushuel scince I last wrote," I said, "and I don't want poeple to forget me."\*

"I shuold say it might be a good thing if they did," he said.

"I grant you it might," I said, "but one can't help hoping not."

"Anyhow what's the good of writing about trowt in the Clothes Season?" he said.

"You can always cut an artickle out and keap it for next year," I said.

"You can, but do you?" he said.

"You might if the auther put it into your head," I said, "like I mean to."

(Note.—This is how I am doing it. End of note.)

"Well, I'll bet nobody wuold unless the artickle was about something importent," he said.

"Is food importent?" I said.

"Yes," he had to say.

"Well, trowt's food," I said.

"That's one to you," he said, being fair.

So you see that's another reason

\*I have been ill, but please don't worry, I am better now. *Auther.*

why I am writing this artickle. During a war I wuoldn't waist your time, as I wuold if I wrote about such things as, well, pin-cushions, but you can't get away from the importence of food, no matter if it's only a winkle, and Napoleon Buonepart once said that an army fought on its stommack, and he was supposed to know. Of corse he didn't mean that you had to craul, but you wuoldn't be any good in a battle unless you'd jest had a slap-up meal.

Now I don't want you to think I know a lot about trowt, in fact I have only fished for it, or them, once in my life, this being with a boy named Roach. It was peckulier his name being another fish, and another peckulier thing was that we fished in a lake near the mountin Snowden, so you got Roach fishing for trowt in Whales. If you don't like jokes you won't find that interesting, but one has to remember one has readers of all kinds, so I put it in for those who do.

The reason we fished was becorse it was either that or climbing Snowden, and I think I've told you t'at if I get too high up I always feal upside-down. I used not to menshun it, but now I know it isn't my fault, my doctor saying I was born that way. Roach said he felt a bit upside-down, too, so we let the others go up, the others being seven other Roaches, and we went along a lower road, thouth not quite as low as I liked, to this lake. The name of the lake was Llake Llydaw.

Of corse we took a cuple of rods with us, they being lent by a rather desent man at our hotel who I'd done some string tricks for, I knowing five, and not only doing them for him but showing him how to do them, this being why he lent us the rods. We also took a large basket for the trowt, but no bait, becorse you don't need bait with this fish. What you do is to put on a thing that is supposed to look like a fly, and when the trowt sees it on top of the water, it, the trowt, being under, it says, "Hallo!" and jumps up for it, finding out all too late that it has been deceived. If you want my honest opinyon I think it's a dirty trick, but then you've got to admit I'm a bit, well, odd about animals, even

"Fealing for the humble fly  
Stuck on a glewy sheet to die—  
Suposing it was you or I?"

so I grant you I may be wrong. Of corse, meaning this time a real fly.

(Another note.—I'm sorry I had to put "I" at the end of the poem instead of "me," but it had to be grammer or rhyme, and in a poem I thort the rhyme was more importent. Green says I

\*By some curious coincidence this man, like all my interlocutors, happened to speak a bastard Scottish. The B.B.C. has an enormous influence in these parts.

could of put "me" if I'd made it like a Scotchman speaking, I dare say you can work that out, but this didn't seem to me quite cricket. End of another note.)

Well, anyhow, my feelings didn't stop me fishing, and don't forget England needed food, so after we'd fixed our rods by shoving the end of one bit into the socket of another till they were about five times as long as us, I tell you they are tricky things, we highed us, as they say, to the edge of the lake.

"What do we do now?" I said, not knowing.

"We caste," said Roach.

"How?" I said.

"Like this," he said.

And he flicked his rod, at least, that was what he called it, in the air.

"Shouldn't something go into the water?" I said.

"Hasn't it?" he said.

"I don't see anything," I said.

"That's funny," he said. "The fly ought to be there."

"Well, if we can't see it, I don't expect the trout will," I said.

"It must be a rotten rod," he said, "people don't lend you good ones."

"What's that on your back?" I said.

"Oh," he said.

It was the fly.

Well, then it was my turn, and so I caste, and we never found where my

fly went at all. I think there is a special way you have to tie them on, and we didn't know it.

This meant we only had one fly left, i.e., Roach's, because we'd only been given two. Some people take hundreds, and not being able to get them all in a box they have to stick them round their hats, but if you've only got one, well, you've got to see you don't lose it, so we tied it on more safely with a good big knot, and then, putting away the rod that now we couldn't use, we both took hold of the other one and caste together, thinking this might do it. The fly fairly whooshed away, and Roach whooshed after it. They went in together. I jest manidged not to.

"Are you all right?" I said.

"No," said Roach, when his head had come up and he could speak.

"Can you get out?" I said.

"No," he said.

"I mean, you're not drowning or anything," I said.

"Yes," he said.

Don't worry, he didn't, and I don't really think he would of, but of course you can't take risks in a case like this, so I had to stop fishing for trout for a bit and fish for Roach instead. It's rather funny that I mentioned fighting on your stomach a little while ago, because that was how I had to rescue him, only of course not in the way Napoleon meant, but actually. What

I did was to lie down flat and crawl forward till I could get hold of his hands, and then pull. It would of been all right if he hadn't pulled too, but he did, though I told him not to, and so as I pulled him out he pulled me in. And then he had to pull me out.

Well, after that we both poughed for a bit, and did a little what's called artificial restoration on each other. Then we thort it might do us some good if we had our lunch, we'd brought sandwiches, but we didn't want anything to drink. And then we wondered if to go on fishing or not.

"I say not," said Roach.

"I think we ought to," I said.

"Why?" he said.

"There's a war on," I said, "and every trout will help."

We argued for a bit, and I won, and we were jest about to begin again when an old man of about 98 came along and asked us what we were doing.

"Fishing for trout," I said.

"You won't get any," he said, "there ain't been any fish in this water for five years."

Well, now you know why I have written this article, and why I don't think you've wasted your time if you have read it. I grant you it doesn't tell you much, but at least you now know that you'd waste more time if you fished in Lake Llydaw.

So, well, don't.



"They don't bother much about the Plimsoll line nowadays."

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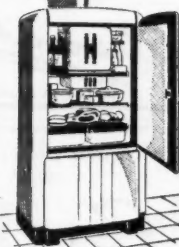
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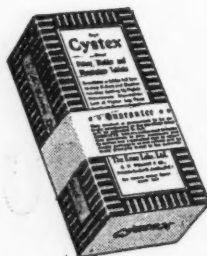
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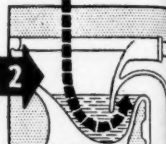
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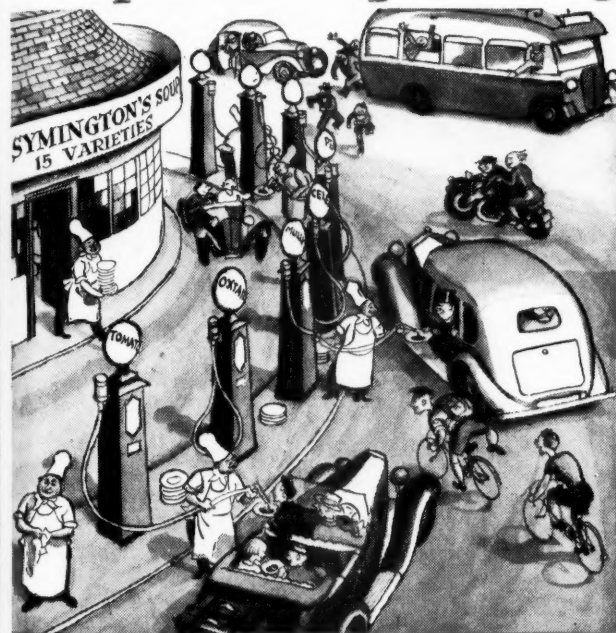


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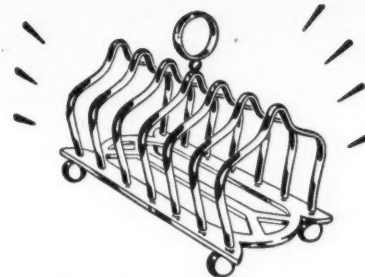
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*This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of*

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